

# PANTHEA:

OR,

## DIVINE VVISHES

AND

### MEDITATIONS:

Written by *Io. Siluester*: Reuised by *J. M.*  
Master of Arts.

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*Fero & spero.*

*Siluester (P. 107)*

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Whereunto is added an *Appendix*, containing an  
Excellent Elegy, written by the L. Viscount S.  
*Albans*, late Lord High Chancelour  
of England. &c.

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LONDON:

Printed for *F. Coules*, and are to be sold at his Shop in  
the vpper end of the Old-Baily. 1630.





To the very Honorable Knight, and  
Magnificent Baronet, S<sup>r</sup> RICHARD  
HOUGHTON of Houghton-Tower: All  
Health, Honor, and Happinesse.

Most Honor'd Sir :

**T**He heavenly Light of Divine Truth shining in the sacred Scripture, hath enabled our Soules cleerely to see their owne Excellence; viz. that they are by Creation Spirits<sup>a</sup> or spirituall Substances; of an<sup>b</sup> immortal Nature; in Duration, eternall; as being (in Tertulians phrase) *Asylatus oris Dinini*, the immediate Handiwork of God; and consequently<sup>c</sup> incorruptible. Yea, such is their exquisite Beauty and absolute Perfection (considered in their owne<sup>d</sup> Essence) as the most amiable Reflex of Diamonds, the Virgin-blushes of Rubies, the azure veines of Saphires, the greene lustre of Emeralds, the various beames of Iacincts, and the radiant constellations of the fairest and most Orient Vnions, are neuer able to parallell. Thus Nobly descended and rarely-qualified is the Soule; a Creature of such Angelicall Serenity, as that the MAIESTY of HEAVEN (enamoured on his owne bright Image) made this goodly Globe of Heauen<sup>e</sup> and Earth for her solace and Contemplation, wooed her with most ardent and inflamed Affection, stiling her<sup>f</sup> his Loue, his Doue, his Sister, his Spouse: and lastly, married her to Himselfe for ever, by assuming our Humane<sup>g</sup> Nature, which hauing hypostatically and indissolubly vnitied to his DEITY, hee accomplished in it the most Admirable Worke of our Redemption, inuested it with Immortality by his Resurrection, and aduanced it to his Heauenly Kingdoms (far above all Celestiall Powers) by his Ascension. And now is M<sup>a</sup>N, in regard of this superexcellēt Honour, become (in this point) superiour to the ANGELS, as being participant of the

<sup>a</sup> Eccles. 12. 7.  
<sup>b</sup> Mat. 10. 28.

<sup>c</sup> *Quicquid est  
nihil sit est incorruptibile.*

<sup>d</sup> The Essence of God, Angels, & Soules, is knowne to God alone exactly. *Athenas. Tract. de Definitionibus.*

<sup>e</sup> *Illa S. Chrysost.*

<sup>f</sup> In Saluamus Song.

<sup>g</sup> *Deus & humana natura vniuntur: non Deus & Homo; quia vna Persona & Personae Assumptae. Deus non hominifatus.*

Divine

# The Epistle Dedicatorie.

**S<sup>t</sup>. Pet. Ep.** **Divine Nature** subsisting in the most Sacred Person of our ever-blessed Lord **JESVS**, whose glorified Humanity is most triumphantly embroiz'd at the Right Hand of God on High.

**S<sup>t</sup>. Pet. Ep.** Thus hath the King of Angels (in his ineffable love to our Soules) exalted this humane Flesh, above the highest Hierarchy; to the amazement of those Heavenly Spirits, (as the <sup>1</sup> Prince of the Apostles intimateth.) Nevertheless, if an exact Survey be taken of this present World, will there not be found in all Estates such a generall Apostasie from the Love of God, as if Men were altogether Soule-lesse; or (at least) Sense-lesse how infinitely the Creator of the World values that peerlesse Pearle, which this shell of Mortality contains: [a Pearle so inestimable, as nothing in Heaven or Earth, but the very **HEART-BLOOD** of the **ONLY SONNE** of **GOD** could redeeme] To instance this sortish Madnesse, and Epidemicall Corruption in all Degrees and Delinquents, were infinite. I will therefore (in present) cull out onely some, that are (in their owne Conceits) the Creame of Christendome, the purest and demurest Professants, in comparison of whom, the obedient Children of the Church of England, are reputed prophane and Vnsanctified Persons. <sup>1</sup> Eusebius (an Authentick and approued Author) hath a memorabile Historie applicable to this purpose. He relates how he saw at Tyre (a City of Phœnicia) diuers naked Christians exposed by their Persecutors to cruell Panthers, mighty Beares, and <sup>m</sup> Wild Bores, to be deuoured by them: which rauenous Beasts, although they were prouoked by the Christians to assault them, (for so were the poore Soules commanded) yet they utterly refused to hurt or approach them: but on the contrary, they

<sup>1</sup> Eccl. Hist. lib. 8. cap. 7. <sup>m</sup> *Origen* 11. 2. 1. <sup>m</sup> Of these, see an excellent Sermon, called *Corona Charitatis*, pag. 28, 29, 30. <sup>o</sup> Heb. 13. 17. <sup>r</sup> See Job c. 41. v. 15, 16, 17. <sup>v</sup> A Diabolical Act. Reu. 2. 10. Thus the Ari- ans rag'd against Ortho- dox Teachers, especially against Athana- sius, who was faine to flye from their hellish furie. See his Apologie for his Flight, &c. and his Epistle ad Solitarios: where he writes, that hauing beene twice depriv'd by a false Synod, he was at last absolved, and restored to his Church, notwithstanding the former Sentences of the Hereticall Bishopps, who (as he elegantly termes them) were rather *Catacopi* then *Episcopi*, Catchpoles then Bishops.



Legall Sleights) dissipate their Goods, ruinate their Families, begger their Posterities, and (to teare them quite in pieces; O most despicable Immanity!) insame them with a thousand virulent Aspersions and venomous Imputations: assuring themselves, though their tongues runne neuer so false a Gallop, yet some maleficiate or other would beleeue them: [the credulity of the Vulgar (especially in Clergie mens Cases) being such, as if a Gnat but spread his Wings betweene them and the Sunne, to thinke it eclipsed.] These things being so, let any Christian or Pagan iudge, whether those wild beasts in Eusebius, were not infinitely more humane, compassionate, and mercifull to the designed Martyrs; then were these unchristian Kernes, masked Miscreants, and Diabolicall Decoy's, to their conformable Preachers; in whose Coats seeing they could not finde a hole, they resolved to fret one. Vndoubtedly (you bloody Bores, selfe-admiring Libertines and Cyclopicall Canibals) your crying Sinnes and thundering Crimes of Oppression and Ravine (though mantled with Hypocrisie, the Devils Masking-suite) haue entred the eares of the Lord of Hosts. For howeuer this unhallowed Crew may (in a spirituall Phrenzy) flatter and hug themselves in their abhorred Rapacity, and sing Requiem and Lullabies to their senselesse Soules; and cauterized Consciences, as if they should neuer tremble before the terrible Tribunal of the Iudge of all the World, for these blacke Deeds, and execrable Enormities: yet certainly these artificiall Villanies are Vulnera in capite canis. such mortall Wounds to their inward-bleeding Soules, as those Salvages shall neuer licke whole with a generall and superficiall Confession of their sinnes, nor be once admitted to Gods sacred Altar, to make their peace with him, till they be first reconciled to their offended Brother, and haue (to their utmost Ability) made due Repaire of Honour, and Restoration of Livelyhood to the Parties so hainously Wronged. And albeit this Canting Fraternity seeme to haue made a League with Satan, and are yet insensible of the Horroir of the Fact: notwithstanding, as that which is written with the iuice of a L I M O N, appeares not at first, till you hold it to the Fire: So, when these dis-gallanted Lycaonians shall one day, (without speedy and effectuall Repentance) haue the full Vials of Gods Vengeance powred and prelt on them, (rearing in Hell-fire with PONTIVS Pilate, Barabbas, and other Infernall Monsters) then shall they clearly reade in the blacke Bookes of their vast Consciences, their Barbarous Acts, and Denish Complots, Written in the hugest Capitals:

Obserue well what our Saviour saith touching this point, Matthe. 5. v. 23, 24.

See Act. 14. from the 11. v. to the 16.

In an old Manuscript lately found at Chester, it is recorded, that Pilate was called Pontius, a Ponte, of a Bridge; and not of the Ile Pontus: Howeuer, he is generally held a damned miscreant.

# The Epistle Dedicatorie.

The proper  
of Peni-  
tence (in this  
case) is Resti-  
tution or Sa-  
tisfaction;  
without which  
nothing a-  
vaileth the  
Delinquent,  
though he  
should hang  
himself with  
Iudas.  
The Earth  
was made for  
Man not Man  
for Earth.

But to returne where **WE BEGAN**, and to leave these meri-  
tlesse Wretches to the Judgement of God; whom (from the Center of  
my Soule) I beseech to give them the Grace of <sup>a</sup> Repentance: I haue  
here (Most Honor'd Sir) presum'd (in lieu of your many signall Fa-  
uours) to present you this small Manual of Meditations in Verse,  
published under the Coniunction and sweet Aspect of most eminent  
**STARS**, and written (as I am credibly certified) by a Divine  
Laureat (deceased;) whose maine Drift is to eleuate the Soule to  
Heauen, from these bewitching Vanities of the Earth: A Noble and  
Celestiall Theme, and neuer more seasonable then now: In which re-  
gard, I was confident it would be no unwelcome Newbyeres-gift to  
your Noble-spirited Selfe, whose Heroicke Disposition and pious Af-  
fection to Divine Exercises, and Composures, accompanied with a li-  
berall Hand to learned and Orthodox Ecclesiasticks, and a piercing  
Judgement wisely to discern betwixt an accomplished Schollar, and a  
popular Parakito, or Skip-lacke-Fellow of empty Boldnesse; as also  
your frequent Largeesses to the Poore, and Donatines to the Distres-  
sed; your graue Moderation and prudent Dispensation of Iustice; your  
generous Hospitality, rare Affability, and unexampled Humanity;  
your resplendent Dignity, Illustrious Family, and Honourable De-  
portment, haue purchas'd you the singular Love and Observance of all  
good Patriots. Your Magnifique Entertainement of his late <sup>a</sup> Ma-  
iestie (of Sacred Memory) at your Basilicall TOWER, [one of  
the braviest Seats in Europe] was no small Renowne to your Selfe,  
and your most Nobly-accomplish'd Sonne: But your Munificence to  
the oppressed and afflicted members of Iesue Christ, [seasoned with  
true Faith and <sup>b</sup> Contrition; and sugred with Holinesse, without  
which, no man shall see the Lord] will gaine you (at last) **Coro-**  
**nam Amarantinam**, an Imperiall Diadem of Blisse (with your peer-  
lesse Lady deceased) in the Emphyreal Heauen. Thrice Happy, O!  
and most Heauenly Soules, whom the blessed Angels shall so beare in  
Triumph to that Glorious Ierusalem! To which Soueraigne Felicity,  
that your euer-honor'd Selfe, your Worthy Sonnes, and Excellent  
Daughters (the Crystill Mirrors of Modesty) may arrive (at the end  
of this Span-long Life;) is the hearty Prayer of

<sup>a</sup> King James:  
(in his Return  
from Scotland.)

<sup>a</sup> Sir Gilbert  
Houghton.

<sup>b</sup> Contritio est  
extremitas do-  
loris.

<sup>c</sup> Hebrewes,  
chap. 12. v. 14.

<sup>d</sup> Reu. 2. 10.

*Auguste Trinobantum.*

*Festo Theogonias.*

Your Noble Vertues most  
affectionate Obseruer,

**JAMES MARTIN,**

One of his late Maiesties Preachers,  
and Commissioners Ecclesiasticall  
in the Prouince of Yorke.



*To the most resplendent Diamonds of the  
North, and singular Glories of their Sex :*

**The Lady JULIANA WALMISLEY,** Sister to the Right Honorable and Excellent Peere, **RICHARD LORD MOLINEUX Viscount Marbrough;**

Mistress *Mary Walmisley*, Sister to the Heroicke Knight and Baronet, **Sir Richard Houghton of Houghton-Tower.**

Mistress *Grace Houghton*, Wife to the thrice-Worthy Gentleman, **William Houghton Esquire;** and Daughter to the celebrated Knight, **Sir Richard Sherborne of Stoniburst.**

**The Lady ANNE OSBORNE** and Mistress *Elizabeth Sherborne*, Daughters to the perfect Honorable Gentleman, **The Walmisley Esquire,** and Nieces to the most illustrious Lord, **HENRY Earle of Danby.**

Mistress *Frances*

Mistress *Gilbert*

Mistress *Anne*

Mistress *Katherine*

Mistress *Margaret Anderton*, Niece to the Generous and Iudicious Gentleman, **Roger Bradshagh of Hagb, Esquire.**

**I. M.** the Publisher of these Soliloquies, consecrates them, devotes himselfe, wishes all imaginable Happinesse.

**LADIE JULIANA WALMISLEY,**

*Her Anagram.*

**I am a Lilly; Diana's Jewell.**

**L**ooke as the **LILLY** doth each Flower excell,  
In **Milke-white** Lustre, and in **Purple Dy**;  
So in your Heavently Face, combined dwell

**Pure spotlesse Candor, Roseate Modesty :**

**Fame,** take thy Golden Trumpe, and her proclaim,

**DIANA'S JEWELL; Glory of her Name.**

**I. M.**

To

# The Epitaph Dedicatorie.

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# CROPPED PAGES.

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I. M.

To





To the same Noble HEROINES.

**W**It's, Honor's, Beautie's Angelized Frames,  
Vertue's faire Temples, Wonders of your Names,  
Which gild that Climate with your Glorious Beames,  
Beyond the Lustre of Starres twincbling gleames;  
Crowne with your Favors these Diuiner Laies,  
Which tune your Soules to sound your Makers Praise:  
So may you shine more bright in true renowne,  
Than Golden Starres in Ariadne's Crowne.

I. M.

<sup>a</sup> Hylax in limi-  
ne latrat.

A Muzzle for<sup>a</sup> Momus.

<sup>b</sup> Iohn the se-  
cond great  
Duke of Mos-  
couia, so ab-  
hor'd Women,  
that he swoon-  
ded at the ve-  
ry sight of  
them. Bodin, de  
Repub.

<sup>c</sup> A most viru-  
lent Sycophat.  
See Aristophan.

Equites: and Thucydides, (lib. 4.) exquisitely rendered by that Wor<sup>thy</sup> learned Gentle-  
man, M<sup>r</sup>. Tho. Hobbs, Secretary to the late Excellent Earle of Deuon.

**I**F any (like the<sup>b</sup> Moscouiticke Duke)  
Resseut the other Sex, and their iust Praise,  
Whose Native Splendor needs no other Raies;  
May no such Basiliske dart vpon this Booke  
His poisonous Bies: such<sup>c</sup> Cleon's filene'd best  
By Noble Scorne. So set I vp my rest.

*A Panegyre, To the Author.*

O Fe haue I wisht, (thy *Worth* that *Wish* did mone)  
 My Seat neere to the Muses Bay-tree Grove;  
 Or by that *Spring* for Poësie most admir'd;  
 That being by some Sacred Power inspir'd,  
 I from those Bankes might haue selected Flowers  
 Water'd with sweet *Castaliaes* siluer Showres:  
 Then should my Hand thy Brow a *Wreath* haue made;  
 But since I sit not in the *Laurell-shade*,  
 I cannot giue what thy Deserts doe claime;  
 Far short be my Desires of their high Ayme:  
 So stands a *Shepherd* pointing at a *Starre*  
 As I at *Thee*, thy Light transcending farre:  
 Thou dost our Thoughts to *Speculation* tye,  
 Like some cleere *Fountaine*, where the *CrySTALL Sky*  
 Her bright-vnwrinkled-azure brow may see,  
 So doe the Heauens behold their Face in *Thee*:  
 Thy *Heart*, the *Pinnacles* of faithfull Truth,  
 Thy *Arts*, the glistering *Starres* that grac'd thy Youth:  
 Thy *Soule*, the *Cynthia*, whose bright-shining Raies  
 Lighted the *World* to haue reform'd her Waies:  
 Thy *Mind*, a Little-World of richer Frame,  
 Then that which did possesse the *Golden Name*.

Hence then, you *Termagants* to \* *Mongibell*,  
 You \* *Pantalouns*, that Po *ix* damne to Hell:  
 Peace yawning Goblins, *Hob*, *Dick*, *Hick* and *Will*,  
 Spue not your Gall against his Sacred Quill:  
 To *such* may euery Leaf, and euery Line  
 An *Armado* be, or *Porcupine*.

S. N. à sacerrimis Catharis & Lavernio-  
 nibus horrendissime spoliatus.

\* *Atrot* sup-  
 posed to be  
*Plutoes* Court.  
 \* Certaine hi-  
 strionically Pro-  
 fessors, (Disci-  
 ples of S<sup>r</sup> *Iohn*  
*Laske-Latine*) in  
 the Vniuersity  
 of *Fooliana*;  
 which super-  
 modically cen-  
 sure all Verses  
 whatsoeuer.



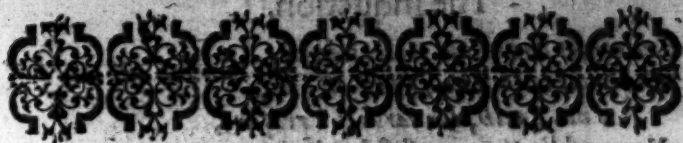
## The Authors Inuocation and Imprecation against his Internall Enemies.

**S**Vpreame Commander of the Crystell Sky,  
That ALL of NOTHING powerfully didst frame,  
Bee't not offense against thy Deity,  
With humble Accents to adore thy Name :  
Though in this Teare-composed Terrene Globe,  
Iweare Mortalities Sin-stained Robe.

Let me behold with Contemplations Eye,  
The Beauty of thine Angell-guarded Throne :  
And let my soule with humble boldnesse fly,  
Aboue the Starry Constellation :  
And there with that most holy Hierarchy,  
Sing Hymnes and Anthems to thy Deity.

Let my sad Soule, long pierc'd with Swords of Griefe  
By *Fiends, Alastors, Harpyes, Furies* fell,  
Receiue (my God) from thee Diuine Reliefe,  
Which may their Pride and canker'd Malice quell :  
Make those *pure Hell-Dogs* in their Dens to couch,  
And *Belzebub* himselfe at last to crouch.

PANTHEA.



# PANTHEA.

## The Induction.

**W**Hat should I wish for on the Earth?  
Goodnes is growne to such a dearth;  
While want of Grace doth make abuse  
Of that which might be for good Use:  
That who obserues what most men wish,  
Shall find how fond and vaine it is.

Some wish for Wealth, to pamper Pride;  
The Medicine good, but ill-applide.

Some wish for Honour, in high thoughts;  
Honour is good, Ambition naught.

Some wish for Health, to live at ease;  
Health may be good, Ease breeds Disease.

Some wish for Power, to wrong at will;  
Power oft is good, Oppression ill.

Some wish for Youth, to nourish Folly;  
Youth may be good, the Wish unholy.

Some wish for Love, to answer Lust;  
Love may be good, the Wish unjust.

Some wish for Strength to crush and kill;  
Strength may be good, but Murder ill.

Thus still is Abuse which Will brings forth  
Doth make the Wishes nothing worth.

Yet since that Willies may be good,  
When Worth is truly understood,

## The Induction.

Let me set downe my Hearts desire,  
And what hath set my Soule on fire.

It is not Earth, nor earthly Treasure,  
Nor worldly Honour, fleshy Pleasure,  
Nor Power, nor Place, nor Touth, nor Strength,  
Nor drawing out this Life at length.  
Nor idle pleasing Natures Eye  
Wish fond Affections Vanity.

Not one of these comes neere the White  
Of my Hearts Wish and Soules Delight.  
The Course of my true Cares content  
Extends above the Firmament.

The leuell of my Soules chiefe Love  
Is onely in the Heauens above,

Where I shall see my Saviour sweet,  
And how his Saints and Angels meet  
With such an Harmony of voyces,  
As shewes how euery Soule reioyces  
In the beholding his sweet Face,  
That is the Glory of all Grace.

This, this, my Wish shall onely be,  
To liue where I may euer see

My Saviour sweet, and in his sight  
Haue all my Hearts and Soules Delight.

Daigne then (my God) this Boone assigne  
Whiles here vpon this Earth I liue,  
That neither Wealth, nor Pouerty,  
Nor Comfort, nor Calamity,  
Nor Health, nor Sicknes, Ease nor Paine,  
Nor Hope, nor Feare, nor Losse, nor Gaine,  
May euer take such hold on me,  
But still my Ioy in CHRIST may be.

I. Willb



I. *Wish, or Meditation.*

O H I had I of his *Loue* but part,  
 That chosen was by Gods own hearr,  
 That Princely Prophet, *DAVID*, he  
 Whom in the Word of Truth I see  
 The King of Heauen so dearly lou'd,  
 As Mercy beyond measure prou'd :  
 Then should I neither *Gyant* feare,  
 Nor *Lion*, that my Soule would teare ;  
 Nor the *Philistims*, nor such Fiends  
 As neuer were true Christians friends :  
 No *Passion* should my Spirit vex,  
 Nor *Sorrow* so my minde perplex,  
 But I should still all Glory giue  
 Unto my God by whom I liue.  
 Then *Healtb*, nor *Sicknesse*, *Griefe*, nor *Ease*,  
 Should so my mind disease or please,  
 But *Want*, or *Wo*, what-ere I proue,  
 The Lord of Life should be my *Loue*.  
 To him I should my mind impart,  
 And to him onely giue my hearr,  
 And to his mercy onely pray,  
 To put my secret finnes away :  
 To heale my sinfull wounded Soule,  
 And put my Name in Mercies Roll :  
 In all my *Cares* and *Crosses* still  
 To comfort me with his good Will :

PANTHEA.

And when I cry and rore in Griefe,  
 In deepe despaire of Hopes Reliefe,  
 My Faith should yet in Mercy finde  
 The Comfort of a constant Minde,  
 And I should euer ioy to see  
 How Mercies Eye did looke on mee:  
 Then should my Heart tune euery string,  
 That to his glory I might sing  
 A Song of euer-lasting Praise,  
 To end in neuer-ending daies.  
 Then should I play, and sing, and dance,  
 And to the Heavens mine Eyes aduance,  
 With ioy to see in Triumph so  
 The *Arke* of God in Glory go:  
 And whatsoeuer I possesse  
 In *Power* or *Honour*, more or lesse,  
 Nor Earth nor Heaven should me moue,  
 But still my Lord should be my Loue.  
 If I were sicke; He were my *Healsh*;  
 If I were poore; He were my *Wealth*;  
 If I were weake; He were my *Strength*;  
 If dead; He were my *Life*, at length.  
 If scorn'd; He onely were my *Grace*;  
 If banisht; He my *Resting-place*.  
 If wrong'd; He onely were my *Right*.  
 If sad; He were my Soules *Delight*.  
 In summe, and all, All-onely He  
 Should be All, aboue All, to me.  
 His *Hand* should wipe away my *Teares*,  
 His *Fauor* free me from all *Feares*,  
 His *Mercy* pardon all my *Sinnes*,  
 His *Grace* my life anew begin;  
 His *Loue* my *Light* to Heaven should bee,  
 His *Glory*, thus to comfort mee.

Thus

## PANTHEA.

Thus was this Kingly Prophet blest,  
 To live in Loves eternall Rest.  
 And since I see his Grace so great,  
 To all that Mercy doe inrear,  
 And how the faithfull Soule doth proue  
 An heavenly Blessing in his Love;  
 Let me but onely *This* request,  
 To be but *this* with *David* blest,  
 That *Joy*, or *Griefe*, what-e're I proue,  
 The Lord of Life may be my Love.



### II. *Wish, or Meditation.*

**O**H that I were as *Wise* as \* He \* *Salomon.*  
 That did by Obseruation see  
 What All things are, with all their Worth,  
 That vnder Heaven the Earth brings forth,  
 How *vaine* they are, and how they vex  
 The Soule whom *Passion* doth perplex.  
 Then should I neither *care* nor *care*  
 For things that so vncertaine are;  
 Nor toyle nor labour for a Life  
 So full of Falshood, Feare, and strife.  
 Nor ayme at Title, Power, or Place,  
 Nor Favour, Wealth, or Worldly Grace;  
 Nor trouble Patience with a hope  
 Of ought beyond my onely Scope:  
 Nor sooth, nor flatter, lye, nor sweare,  
 Nor stand in Danger, nor in Feare  
 Of him, of her; of this, of that,  
 Nor hunt I know not after what:

But

# PANTHEA.

But loue the Measure and the Meane,  
 That keepes the Soule and Body cleane.  
 Then should I finde this Life, but Breath  
 That Sinne hath subiect made to Death:  
 For from the greatest to the least,  
 No Soule but liues at some vnrest:  
 The soundest and the deepest *Wis*  
 Sometimes in idle Thoughts doth sit;  
 The fairest and the sweetest *Face*  
 Is sometime subiect to Disgrace.  
 The Noblest and the valiant'st *Minde*,  
 Sometime may hap goe downe the Winde.  
 The richest *Hand*, and proudest *Heart*,  
 May chance to play the Beggars part.  
 The valiant'st *Arme*, and strongest *Hand*,  
 Sometime at *Mercies* Gate may stand.  
 The purest *Soule* that would not sinne,  
 May chance to fall in Satans Ginne.  
 Then since I see there is no state,  
 But that sometime, or soone, or late,  
 Is subiect to so hard a course  
 As leaues the *Better* for the *Worse*,  
 Though I be not so wise as *Hee*  
 That made me *This* to know and see,  
 Yet will I ioyne with him in this,  
 Vpon *this Earth* to build no *Blisse*,  
 But with the Wings of *Faith* to flye  
 Vnto my Glorious God on high:  
 And in his *Mercy* only proue  
 The Blessings for my *Soules* behoofe;  
 From *Sorrow*, *Sinne*, and *Satan* free;  
 And loue the *World* that list (for me.)

III. *Wish*,

III. *Wife, or Meditations.*

O H ! that I had that *Patience*,  
That is the Spirits Excellence,  
That lo in all his paines did prove,  
Vnto the Lord to shew his Loue:  
Then should no *Losse* of *Lands* or *Goods*,  
Bring in such *Floes* of *Sorrowes* *Floods*;  
Nor *Childrens* *Death*, nor dogged *Wife*,  
Nor wounded *Heart*, nor weary *Life*,  
Nor *Scorfe* of *Friends*, nor words of *Griefe*,  
Nor *Hearts* *Despaire* of *Hopes* *Reliefe*,  
Should make me once (which God forbids)  
Offend his *Grace*, what ere he did  
But say with *Iob*; if he will kill  
*My heart*, yet will I loue him still;  
And in his sight, my *Waite* reprove,  
That is the God of gracious *Loue*.  
That then, when *All* were at the worst,  
And that my *Heart* were almost *burst*,  
My *Soule* might feeble, that *Comfort* sweet  
Did tread all sorrow vnder *Feet*.  
But *Iob* was iust, so am not I,  
His God did but his *Patience* try;  
And made his *Faith* in *Mercy*, finde  
The *Comfort* of *Tranquill* *Minde*.  
But my *Soule* hath so wicked bin,  
That I am scourged for my *Sinne*,  
In *Iustice*: but with *Mercy* such,  
As I can neuer praise too much.  
For had not *Mercy* heard my *Sore*,



I had bin slaine for euermore.  
But my good Go<sup>d</sup> is euer *One*;  
His Hand is not to *me* alone,  
But vnto *All* that in distresse  
Doe in his Mercy seeke redresse;  
And whose true *Patience, Faith, and Love,*  
Doe in his *Iustice, Mercy* proue.



III. *Wife, or Meditation.*

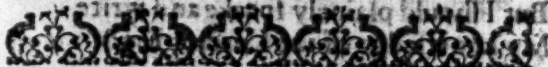
**O**H! that I had that *Gracious Call*  
That from the Heauens had blessed *Paul*  
That chosen Saint of sacred Blisse,  
Where only Saints true blessing is:  
Who from the way of wicked Thought,  
Vnto the gates of *Grace* was brought,  
And when his *Eyes* were stricken blinde,  
Had such an insight of the *Minde*,  
As made him see through *Mercies* light,  
(That is the Soules eternall sight)  
How blinde is *Reasons* ruthfull Eye,  
Where Error leads the Heart awry;  
Whilst *Cōscience* thinking to doe well,  
Doth carry *Miscanceit* to Hell;  
Till *Mercy* meeting on the way,  
Brings home the Sheepe that went astray:  
Then should no *Office, Power, nor Place*  
Make me to seeke my Soules Disgrace,  
To take a Tyrants powerfull Rod,  
To persecute the Saints of God.  
But I should more in soule reioyce  
In *Mercies Gracious-Glorious Choice,*

*All*

# PANTHEA

All *Persecutions* to abide,  
 Where *Patience*, *Faith*, and *Love* is tride  
 Of the sweet Lord of Heavens Blisse,  
 Than persecute one Saint of his:  
 But all my *Love*, and *Loves Delight*,  
 My *Meditation* day and night,  
 Should onely, all, and ever be  
 Of *Mercy* that so called me.  
 No *Griefe*, no *Paine*, no *Want*, nor *Woe*,  
 That I should euer live to know,  
 But I should thinke too little all,  
 In *Love* to answer Mercies Call:  
 For all the World I would not care,  
 Nor *K.* nor *Kesar* would I feare;  
 No *threats*, nor *shuldome*, *searce* nor *death*;  
 To speake his Praise, should stop my breath.  
 But I should plainly speake and write  
 My knowledge of the Lord of Light:  
 And to the Glory of his Name,  
 Throughout the World divulge the same:  
 My *Walke* should be but in his Wayes;  
 My *Talke* but onely in his Praise;  
 My *Life* a Death, but in his Love;  
 My *Death*, a Life, for him to proue:  
 My *Care*, to keepe a Conscience cleane;  
 My *Will* from wicked thoughts to weane;  
 My *Prayers* for the Good of all,  
 That Mercy vnto Grace doth call:  
 My *Labour*, for the love of Truth  
 To leade the life of Age and Youth:  
 My *Comfort*, truly to convert  
 The Soules which Satan did pervert:  
 My *Healtb*, to labour for their Love,  
 That seeke their blessing from above.

My greatest *Ease*, to worke for those  
Whom Mercy to Salvation chose:  
My *Paine*, and *Pleasure*, *Travell*, *Ease*,  
My God *show* in his *Saints* to please.  
Then should I this *base World* despise,  
With all Earths *idle Vanities*,  
And governe mine *Affections* so,  
That Sin should neuer overthrow  
This wounded wofull Soule of mine,  
But still in Mercies loue diuine,  
My Soule should finde that *life of Grace*,  
As should all *Earthly* love deface,  
And I should onely will to liue,  
All *Glory* to my God to giue,  
And all in all my *Ioy* to bee:  
His *seruant* that so called mee!



My wife should be born in his ways;

O H! that my Soule might live to prove  
Some part of that sweet blessed Love,  
Which I saw in th' Angelist possesse,  
When he came down our Saviour's Breest,  
When Wisdom, Veritie, Grace and Truth,  
Embrac'd the blessed dayes of Youth!  
Then should I fly with Bayle wings  
Vnto the Glorious King of Kings,  
And see that Heavenly Court of his,  
The Beauty of the Angels Blisse,  
Where Goodnesse, Grace and Glory dwells,  
And Love, and Life, and nothing else  
But Holinesse and Heavenly Light,

# PANTHEA.

All, onely in my Saviours fight :  
 Then should I loath this World of Woe,  
 That doth bewitch the Worldling so ;  
 And seeke (but as my Saviours feet)  
 To find my Soules eternall Sweet ;  
 Till Mercy will vouchsafe me Grace  
 To haue a glimpse of his sweet Face,  
 In whose least sweetest Look of Loue,  
 A Sea of Ioy the Hearts doth proue ;  
 And swimming in the Soules Deligh  
 Is vanisht with that Glorious Sight :  
 But though I cannot be so blest,  
 To leane vpon my Saviours Breast ;  
 As all y<sup>e</sup> worthy of such Grace,  
 To looke on his Coelestiall Face,  
 Yet let me gaze at his sweet Feet,  
 That I may but receiue this Sweet,  
 That when his Saints and Angels sing  
 Their Halleluhs to their King,  
 My Soule in Ioy all founding then,  
 May haue but leave to sing **A M E N.**

**FINIS**

IN THE MUSE, (formerly I. Chancellor of Eng-  
 land) On his owne and his Wives Tombe ;  
 (The first Tenthredine found not (supposed) Content)  
 The first new found and dead I see  
 O mine one Tombe, and please you yet mine !  
 So Dearly hath my Great Loss, I see

MORRIS, REYNOLDS, AND CARRER

A Funerall

PYRAMID

TO

the deare  
Memorie of  
the Most deare,

I consecrate this

Threne, these Funerall

Teares: These are

the Cypresse Branches that

I beare: The mourning Habit

that my sad Soule weares: This

the Impresa that my Sorrow beares

If This not feelingly define my Sorrow

'Tis not defect of Woe, but Want of skill.

ful Art. Within the Center of my troubled

Soule, A Monument unto thy Name Ile build:

And there with Teare fill'd Characters inroule

Those bright Perfections that thy Life did guild, The

Gracefull Good that all thy Actions fill'd: There shall my

Loue thy sad Losse memorize, What all the World shall cease

to mind thy Obsequies. Then daigne to take of the obscurest

hand, These wel-deserv'd attributes of Praise: I know thy Trophies

not the higher stand, Because my hand desir'd thy Name to raise: Faire

Angelized Soule, these humble Laies, And worth-lesse Numbers give

thy light no luster, But shew those shapeles Woes that in my Bosom must.

ERECTED to the Honor of that rare-vertuous Gentle-  
woman (now in Glory) M<sup>rs</sup> ELIZABETH GREY, Daughter  
to Richard Grey, Esquire, and sometime Wife to I. M. Master  
of Arts. (BY her Sister Mistris Mary Drayton; allyed to the  
Prince of English Poetrie, MICHAEL DRAYTON, Esquire)  
Interred at Atherston: where she departed this life, calling on the  
Lord IESVS (to the last) Anno 1614. Etat. 24.

Sir Tho. More, (sometime L. Chancelor of Eng-  
land) On his owne and his Wiues Tombe:

Ah! socius Tumulus, socius nos (obsecro) Caelum.

Sic Mors non potuit quod dare Vita, dabit.

Thus rendered:

O may one Tombe, and Heauen vs re-vnite!

So Death shall richly my GREAT LOSSE requite. I.M.

MORIERIS. RESVRGES. IVDICABERE.



# APPENDIX TO PANTHEA.

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Plump. Epigram. Ad PONTILIANVM.  
*Sunt mala quæ culpas (fateor) mala Tempora : sed tu  
Temporibus peior Pontiliane malis.*

---

TIT. I. 13.

*Inrepa illos dare:*

---



---

*Anno Dionysiano, [1630.]*

To the Nobly-descended, and  
Vertuously-accomplish'd,

S<sup>r</sup> RICHARD GARGRAVE, Knight.

Worthy Sir,

**B**eing moved to adorne to the preceident Can-  
vasses, by ensuing Negatives of the late Ex-  
cellent Viscount St. Albans, (the Prince of  
English Oratory) I presume to inscriber him  
(cum saper-pondio) to your Noble Selfe,  
where, for your honorable Quality, rare Skill  
in Antiquities, exquisite Iudgement, and generous Love to  
Learning, I may truly stile (the par-purissim)

Dulce Camenarum decus, & Fax aurea Phœbi;  
The Muses Darling, and bright Phœbus Flame.

The Subject is ponderous and Divine, being a graphick  
Delineation of Humane Misery: And well it were with men  
of Merit, if in this World of Vanity, so full of changes and  
counter-changes, as it seems a very Field of Flint sowne with  
Teares; they were not overpressed with those myoparones  
piratici, or Land-pirates, which Elchines speaks of; nor  
by the combination of prodigious Rakebels, surrounded with an  
Ocean of Villany. Such Monsters of Humanity, and Demi-  
Denils, are the Lares et Lemures, the Ghosts and Goblins  
of this gloomy Age. I remember I have read in the <sup>a</sup>Workes  
of Sir I. O. CRAG, (a famous Kn. in Cumberland,) this me-  
morable Distich:

O N G E walkt the Vrchin and the Elfe,  
But N O W the Great Devill him selfe.

For the Illustration whereof, may I please you to reflect (a  
little) on the ancient Poets Description of HELL, (the Grand-  
Devils HALL) which (they say) is moated round, and for

Want

<sup>a</sup> *Epitaphium* in:  
Vid. Bayssum de  
Re Nautali.

<sup>b</sup> *Orat.* in Ti.  
marchum.

<sup>c</sup> Digested in-  
to 2 Bookes:

The 1. *Diabolus*  
*insulatus*; or  
Plutoes *Pezam-*  
*bulationis* in the  
North: Dedicat-  
ed to the pious  
uses of Guxman  
& Alfarache.

The 2. *Diabolus*  
*infatuatus*, or,  
A Spectacle of  
Bribery and  
Beggery: Ded.  
to Mat. Dodsw.  
of Gorte.

## The Epistle Dedicatory.

want of a BRIDGE, Charon, Plutoes MAM, ferries over poore Soules in white Sheets, sometimes <sup>d</sup> 17 at a clap. Under which curious Embleme (for it is no vain Fiction) is mantled a dainty Moral, well knowne to learned Mythologists; the Rasher whereof I referre to intelligent Readers studious of Antique Matters. Certes, Saint Paul, not without cause, term'd Poets, & Prophets: for by the Attestation of profound Theologians, there is (indeed) a Criminal, Mogul, or Captaine, Demill of that Tartarian Region, stiled in Scripture Belzebub, and (misnamed) by Exoterick Diuines, <sup>f</sup> Lucifer: which Mille-artifex, and Master-Fiend bath at his becke Legions of under-ministers, and (as I may say) Rural Dramedaries and Diabolitinoes, which incessantly sharke and ramble abroad for his Prouant, (whiles the Great Machianilian, Cacus, or Cacodæmon himselfe, ORDINARILY resides in his Vulcanian Forge, and dismall Den, whetting his grisly-graping Talions.)

But to adjoyne the further Elucidation hereof to some other Opportunity, and to returne to your Honor'd Selfe. If Crispinillus Momax take occasion hereby (for it is not in my power to stop laxative Lips) to hisse-out his

Bane-spitting Murmures, and detraacting Spels;

Qualia credibile est rictu rictasse trifuaci

Cerberon, & Stygij Monstratremenda Canis;

I trust you will (in a sacred Fury) handisse the scandalous Baboune, ad Insulas iustitias, or rather to Mount-Falcon. Thus commending the Address of these Delicatenze to your Generous Acceptance; whose vnparraleld Worth, Noble Esteeme, vndaunted Valour, and Daring (yet Suffering) Spirit (susceable to the 6 Mot-toes of your Ancient and Renowned Family) deserves to bee recorded to After-Ages; I recommend you to the Highest MAIESTY:

resting

Your Eminent Vertues Vorary :

BONVS AMICVS ARTIS:

Virinſch, Academia Magister.

<sup>a</sup> A strange Apparition of 17. Ghosts (at once) in Wigan Church, scene not long since.

<sup>b</sup> See Titus 1. 12. and the Gemma Nose there.

<sup>c</sup> Contrary to the iudgement of Antiquity: for in the Primitive Church diuers were baptized by that Name: as Lucifer Caralitanus, &c.

<sup>e</sup> 1. Gaudet Patientia duria.  
2. Sereire Dea regnare qd.  
3. De Gouernore  
4. Vni. Grace.

<sup>d</sup> Anagrammatismus: Magna Summa Artis.

D

Humane

## Humane Life characterized :

By the Right Noble Peere, FRANCIS Viscount St.  
*Albans*, late L. High Chancelor of England.

**T**He World's a *Bubble* : and the Life of Man  
Lesse then a *Span* :

In his *Conception* wretched, from the *Wombe*,  
So to the *Tombs* :

Curst from the *Cradle*, and brought vp to *Tears*,  
With *cares* and *fears*.

Who then to fraile *Mortality* shall trust,

But limmes the *Water*, or but writes in *Dust*.

Yet, since with *Sorrow* here we live oppress'd,  
What *Life* is best ?

*Courts* are but only superficiall *Schools*,

To dandle *Fooles* :

The *Ruall parts* are turn'd into a *Den*

Of *savage Men* :

And where's a *City* from all *Vice* so free,

But may be term'd the worst of all the *three* ?

*Domesticke Cares* afflict the *Husbands Bed*,

Or paines his *Head* :

Those that live *single*, take it for a *Curse*,

Or doe things worse :

Some would haue *Children*, those that haue the, none,

Or wish them gone :

What is it then to haue, or haue no *Wife*,

But *single Thraldome*, or a *double Strife* ?

Our owne *Affections* still at home to please,

Is a *Disease* :

To crosse the *Sea* to any *forraigne Soile*,

*Perils* and *Toile* :



Waxes with their noyse affright us: when they cease,

We are worse in Peace:

What then remains? but that we still should cry,

Not to be borne, or being borne, to dye.

A select Epigram, written by a Noble Knight  
deceased: and now inscribed (as followeth.)

Honoratissimæ et Nobiliss. Civitati Cæstris, Sacrum.

Of the Pillars of the Church.

IN old time, They were hold the Churches Pillars,

That did excell in Learning and in Piety,

And were to All Examples of Sobriety,

Of Christs faire Field the true and painfull Tillers:

But where are now the Men of that Society?

Are all those Tillers dead? those Pillars broken?

No: God forbid such Blasphemy be spoken:

I say, to stop the mouthes of all ill-willers,

Gods Field hath Harrowers still, his Church hath

\* Read Prov.  
e. 28 v. 7. and  
the Gemma  
Note there.

[Certum est, non  
deest quidam  
clerusorum, &  
Crucemini  
Demoborum  
(sic) dupes]

An Elegie and Epitome of the Bible.

To the Right Noble, Religious, & excellent Personages;

The Lady Runcy, Miss. Ashblaster, and Mrs. Ashblaster.

THIS sacred Volume, in whose precious Leaves

The Mysteries of Heaven are easur'd lye,

Is a cleere Mirror, which no forme deceives,

Th'Object and Subiect of each Christian Eyes:

Who lives by This, by Death can never dye:

Here shines the Sun of GRACE, diffusing wide

His quickning Raies on All, from side to side.

Here



Here *God* and *Man* do's Both embrace each other;  
 Met in *one Person*, Heauen and Earth do's kisse:  
 Here a pure *Virgin* do's become a *Mother*,  
 And bare that *Son*, who the Worlds Father is,  
 And Maker of his Mother. Here true *Blisse*  
 Comes flying from the Bosome of the High,  
 And clothes *is selfe* in naked Misery,  
 To drag *Man* out of Hels darke Empery.

*Deus se Tibi. Tu te Deo.*

## CORONIS.

A Character of the Diuine Graces and Beauties of a Vertuous Woman.

To all Noble Ladies, and Gentlewomen of Honour.

**T**Has which makes Women beautifull and faire,  
 Is not the plucking of their Haire;  
 Jewels or precious Stones sparkling like Fire;  
 Or putting on of brane Attire:

But a rich Tablet hidden in the Breast,  
 With Heauenly Zeale, like Rubies dress:  
 The Amethyst of Temperance, such as  
 In Flowers of Gold, with Sapphire chaste:

\* *Plin. lib. 37. cap. 30.* **T**his obsequious Helmet, with the Jasper stone,  
 And Opal of all Worthies One:

Pure Cry stall, glittering with immortall Light,  
 Showing a rare-sweet-Christians Spright  
 The Lilly-Robe of Innocence put on,  
 Richer then that of Salomon,  
 Thus deckt, you vanishe Angels with your Loues,  
 This is the Beauty GOD approves.



FINIS.

